Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withred plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes.
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good,
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to bee my selfe?
King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou did'st kill my Children.
King. but in your daughters wombe Ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture,
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happie mother in the deed.
Qu. I goe, writ to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit, Qu.*
Relenting foole and shallow changing woman! *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne one the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To
Throng many doubtfull hi
Vnarm'd and vnresolu'd to
Tis thought that *Richmond*
And there they hull expect
Of *Buckingham*, to welcom
King. Some light-foot fri
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesb*
Cat. Heere my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke: p
When thou comest there, d
Why stands thou still, and
Cat. First mightie soverai
What from your grace I sh
King. O true good *Cates*
The greatest strength and p
And meete me presently at
Rat. What is your highne
King. Why, what should
Rat. Your Highnesse told
King. My minde is chang
How now what newes wi
Dar. None good my Lo
Nor none so bad but it ma
King. Hoidaie a riddle ne
Why doest thou runne so n
When thou maiest tell thy
Once more what newes;
Dar. *Richmond* is on th
King. There let him sinke
White liuered runagate w
Dar. I know not mightie
King. Well sir, as you gu
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*
He makes for *England*, the
King. Is the Chaire empt
Is the King dead? the Emp
What heire of *Yorke* is the
And who is *Englands* King